The Sketch

No. 2551 — Vol. CXCVII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

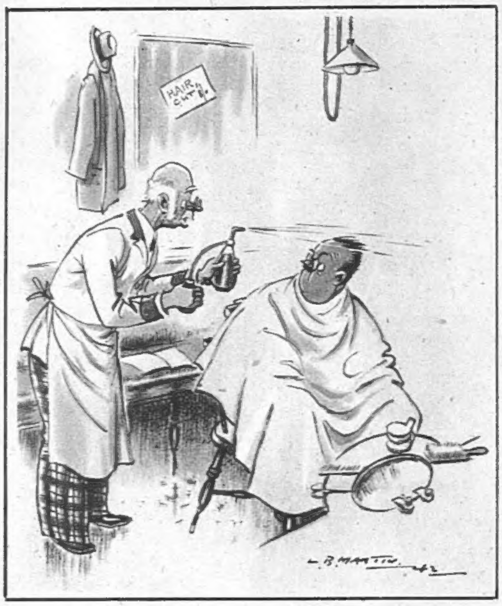
RED CROSS NURSE GREEK PRINCESS AND HER MOTHER.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF GREECE, *twenty-one-year-old daughter of the late King Alexander of Greece, and of* PRINCESS ASPASIA, *and niece of King George of Greece, is working here as a Red Cross nurse. It was recently reported in some papers that her engagement to King Peter of Yugoslavia would shortly be announced, but official Yugoslav quarters state that King Peter will not marry till the end of the war. Princess Alexandra holds similar views for herself.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Off the Chest. Of all the various types of person who are constructing the Brave New World for us, none is more tiresome than the person whom I will call the Phoney Philanthropist. I have just been reading an article by a popular journalist, which might have been entitled "Down with Everything and Everybody!" It is very severe on all our social institutions — hardly any of us escapes the lash. Now, I know this man, and it is not difficult to read him. He has been successful, but his chief grudge against society is that he has not been successful enough. He professes a large human affection, especially for the masses; but he is full of envy, malice and all uncharitableness — a ganglion of resentments, which would make an interesting study for the psychologist.



"You're right, Sir. It do smell funny! I wondered what 'ad become of th' nicotine wash I got for the apple-trees."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Green Eye and Yellow Liver.

He is intensely jealous; I have heard him discussing his fellow-craftsmen, almost invariably in terms of scorn or derogation. Lacking common civility, and always ready to imagine an affront, he quarrels with everybody, and sneers at good manners, which he would give anything to possess. Similarly, he never tires of boasting that he is not a gentleman, though it is obvious that he would give the eyes out of his head to be one (and, of course, he is sending his children to "good schools" to be turned into the type which he denounces). Criticism of any kind is wormwood to him; it is always the result of malice or stupidity! He is very fierce in his attacks on the rich and powerful; but I really think that money means more to him than anything else in the world. At all events, he is bitterly jealous of anybody who makes more than he does, and he lives extravagantly and self-indulgently. For all I know, he may be privately charitable, but I confess I should be surprised to hear it. In short, his love of humanity is nothing but an inverted kind of grievance.

All for Your Own Good. That would hardly be true of my friend X, who is a different type of Phoney Philanthropist. He has had all the "advantages" and has no cause for apology or envy. I do not doubt his sincerity, which is intense and long tested. He is a man of strict principle—so strict that he is incapable of any reasonable compromise. I should imagine, too, that he is just and generous in private relationships. He is also extremely able and has had great influence in his particular school of thought. But I must confess that a less *human* person I have seldom met. The Common Man, who has been the life-long object of his solicitude, is nothing but an abstraction to him. Put him in a pub. with a dozen Common Men and he would be completely at a loss. Indeed, there are very few of his fellow-creatures, common or uncommon, for whom he does not feel varying degrees of contempt, or, at the very least, a frigid detachment. I distrust and dread his type, which is becoming very common among our Intellectuals. Philanthropy means, by derivation, Love of Man, and great social reformers have had that emotional, or even passionate, quality in their reforming zeal. Lacking it, your cold theorist is one of the most cruel and ruthless of men, because he is always ready to make a burnt offering of living flesh and blood upon the altar of his doctrines. Fundamentally, he is a merciless egoist who is determined to impose his will on others, on the pretext that it is for their good.

"I've asked the Hendersons to lunch on Sunday, Hector. Do you think you could shoot a rabbit?"

DRAWN BY PITTS.

"He said to bring something to bail him out—so I brought his parachute!"

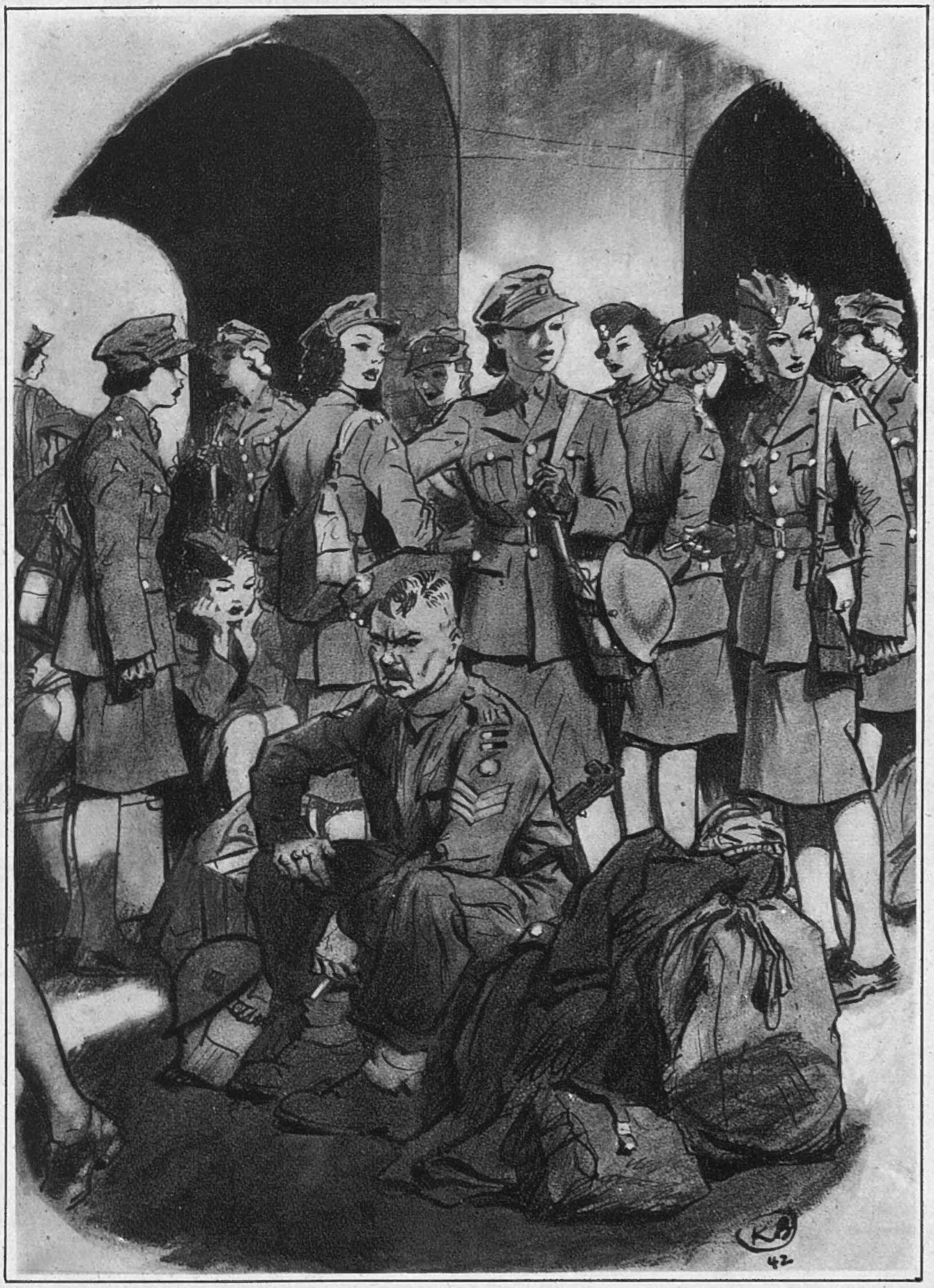
DRAWN BY PHILIP WILDING.

Root of All Evil. I said just now that money, which they denounce so fiercely when it is in other people's possession, is a matter of intense moment to some of these Phoney Philanthropists and Dud Democrats. But what is money? What do I mean when I "leave my money" to my wife or my son? The Court of Appeal has recently laid it down that I mean the cash in my pocket and at my bank, but not a shilling of my investments. The Court goes on to explain that I obviously *don't* mean that, but in 1742, when "money" was kept in stockings, it was laid down that that was what I meant, and other Courts have had to go on saying the same thing ever since. At the same time, the Court of Appeal cries pathetically: "Will somebody, for heaven's sake, please change this ludicrous rule?" I am not going

to discuss whether or not the Court might have had the courage to depart from the precedents of centuries; but, at all events, it has passed the buck to Parliament. Now, how long shall we have to wait? A short, quick Act would do it; but I have no doubt that the answer will be that Parliament has no time to attend to such trifles.

When is An Egg Not An Egg?

You see, there are so many other far more pressing matters which cry to heaven for legislation. Especially in Statutory Rules and Orders. For instance, you may think you know a Good Egg when you see one. But have you given the matter sufficient thought? If you really want to know what a Good Egg is, go to the Home Produced Eggs (Maximum Prices) Order, 1941. Here is the definition: "The shell must be clean, sound, of good texture and shape. The contents must be free from blemish, the yolk central and translucent or faintly but not clearly outlined, the white must be translucent, and the air-space must not exceed ¼ inch in depth." Never forget to measure the air-space before you buy a new-laid egg! Again, you may think you know a green onion when you see (or otherwise become aware of) it; but do you? Turn to the Green Onions (Maximum Prices) Order, 1942, and you will find that a "green onion seedling" means "a green onion with leaves and foliage on, of which the maximum diameter of the bulb, measured at right angles to the axis through the bulb and shoot, does not exceed a quarter of an inch." Now, you would never have thought of that for yourself, would you? Isn't it splendid of our officials to be winning the war by thinking these bright, helpful, original thoughts?



"And to think I joined the Army to forget!"

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Manna in the Wilderness.

I don't know how they define salvage, but it is a nice point whether salvage is still salvage, and if so whose, when it contains unsuspected treasures. This happened the other day, when a valuable work of art was discovered among a number of unconsidered trifles. Our dustmen are, I am sure, an extremely virtuous class of men, but there must be a considerable strain on their honesty at times. That they survive the test I do not doubt; but their rectitude cannot compare with that of a certain Mr. Jack Palmer, of Western Australia, who handed in to a recruiting office a parcel which he had found in the wilderness. It contained diamonds valued at £300,000, and it had, more or less, dropped out of the sky *en route* from Java. Why do these things *always happen to other people*?

Five Bobs'-worth.

I am wondering whether one could use one's loose diamonds, should one happen to have more than one knew what to do with, in order to evade the Five-Bob Order? For a couple of Koh-i-noors and a Cullinan one ought to be able to get a fairly substantial meal. Up to the present time, what has struck me most is how extraordinarily little one could get for half a guinea; and the other day, when I was charged one-and-threepence, plus 10 per cent. service charge, for an inferior cup of coffee in a provincial hotel, I was forcibly reminded that there was a war on. And now it appears that five shillings of good and lawful money have an elastic quality never before suspected by economists. We used to hear of ninepence for fourpence, but now it seems to be five shillings for fifteen shillings. What with "House Charge," and, say, a shilling for roll-and-butter, and one-and-six for a cup of coffee, with a trifle for your napkin, you will find it difficult to stay the pangs on Five Bob. It looks like the British Restaurant for me!

Yandell and Scandal.

And liquids? The prices continue to be sheer blackmail. A naval officer told me that he and three other officers paid 52s. 6d. for a bottle of whisky in a night-club, and they were all extremely ill the following day. 'Ware hooch! There is a lot of it about, and it is deadly stuff. Stick to known brands, and get them only through reputable dealers. I am glad to see that the great Yandell has returned from a brief retirement—there is no retirement for Detective Aces, witness Poirot and Sherlock himself—to make war on the racketeers and blacketeers, and I hope it will not be long before he has a number of these hooch-merchants, who are nothing more or less than mass-poisoners, behind the bars for a long, long time. (*Sotto voce.* I wonder how many will turn out to be Britons born and bred?)

More Food Facts.

The next thing they will be trying will be synthetic salmon, made out of pink flannel and papier mâché. It would be profitable, considering the salmon's recent price-soaring feats—but then the salmon is famous for leaping. And this is not the only

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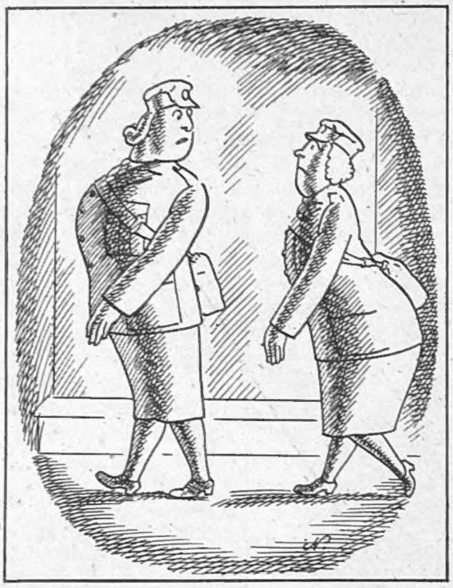


"*Where's your chest, Ponsonby?*"
DRAWN BY NICOLSON.

Continued.] accomplishment of this talented fish, for when "controlled" it vanished momentarily. As a conjuring performance, the rope-trick is an also-ran. The tomato, I am told, has shown the same baffling knack of dematerialising itself. This mystery of nature has never yet been explained, and I think we must put it up to the Brains Trust. However, we can solve the problem by growing our own tomatoes. Mine are doing nicely—how are yours? But don't, like a public-spirited gentleman of Wallington, Surrey, offer to give away 2000 tomato plants to all comers, or you may find yourself very quickly reduced to a ketch-up. A pity we can't grow a few little luxuries like peaches, melons and grapes. However, you can get a very plausible peach for 8s. 6d., a nice melon, quite as large as a small coconut, for £2 10s. and passable grapes at about a shilling per grape. On the whole, however, you will find a nice young carrot more economical and far better for you. Cabbages, they tell me, are simply being thrown away. Very deplorable and unpatriotic, but frankly, Lord Woolton, it's the only sensible thing to do with a cabbage!

"*I've found that by sticking three of these envelope-savers together one can make quite a presentable envelope.*"
DRAWN BY A. E. BEARD.

Oomph Wanted! After his star turn in the Forum, one has not been accustomed to think of Marc Antony as a Man of Few Words, but that gossipy historian, Mr. Benjamin Trovato, records of him that on one occasion when he was calling on Cleopatra, his first words to the Queen were: "I have not come here to talk." In other words, less chat and more glamour. Miss Bette Davis has been giving Hollywood similar advice. Miss Davis complains that there is too much "message," too much moralising and too much war in films; and she makes the following startling pronouncement: "It's sex, or at least a reasonable facsimile thereof, that the public wants." Well, well, well! Who would have thought it? Well, Bette (pardon one who has long adored you from afar), you may be right, but all I can say is—don't let the Bishops know!

Leader of the Bar. But what is "a reasonable facsimile" of sex? Glamour may take many forms. An echo of the Naughty 'Nineties comes back to me:

She was a dear little innocent thing, and she served
behind the bar,
The idol of the Johnnies with their la-di-da-di-da!

Those were the days—the days of Johnnies, Chollies, mashers, dudes, swells and toffs (young Sir or Madam, I don't suppose you have ever heard of these extinct species)! They were also the days of barmaids in all their glory—sirens all, bold of mien, ample of bosom, too golden of hair, and generous of affection. I have always wondered whether it was of such an one that the poet wrote:

The blessèd Damozel lean'd out
From the gold bar of Heaven.

And yet, unless, in my green youth, I was grossly misinformed, they were not all "dear little innocent things": and many a promising young man perished out of polite society with the curt epitaph: "He married a barmaid." All that is changed; and now, I understand, barmaids are the most *comme il faut* of ladies, exceeded in respectability only by chorus-girls—I beg their pardon, I mean Young Ladies of the Chorus. And it goes much farther than that; barmaids have now joined the ranks of our many heroines, for I see that one of them the other day, in Sydney, captured and delivered over an escaped German prisoner. Times change and we change with them—yes, those Latin poets were sometimes right, even if they *did* run to bromides!

WASTE-PAPER DRIVE.

Remember your day-to-day collection of paper and cardboard helps to make: A.-A. shell containers, mortar shell carriers, mortar bomb carriers, cases for shells, gun fuses, interior components for mines, demolition cartons to contain T.N.T., besides a hundred other necessary things. Don't let the Forces down; save all you can for Salvage.

Beauty is Truth. One thing, however, has not changed. This glamour business is very, very ancient. In a Sumerian grave, 3000 years old, they have found a lady of fashion with all her toilet equipment about her—hairpins, ear-rings, necklaces, beads, manicure set and even eye-black. The only thing lacking is nail-varnish. Is it perhaps a little significant that in these ancient graves the men always have a large supply of food and drink, and the ladies only beauty apparatus?

"*Extraordinary that you've never seen a smoke-screen in operation!*"
DRAWN BY JOHN WELLAND.

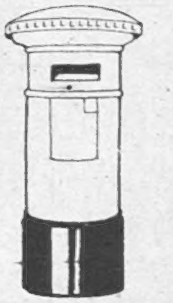
David Wright is serving with the Forces; so our 40th PLATE IN COLOUR *is by* ROWLES. *The Wright series will be shortly resumed.*

"MY DEAR, PUT ME IN FLAT HEELS AND MY CHARM WILL PACK UP."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—On Tuesday I went to an orchestra practice. They are learning a Piece which wants three little tiny Pings on the triangle, and I was chosen to deliver them.

"Your performance on the Nightingale during the Toy Symphony did nothing to justify my confidence in you as a Triangle player," said the Conductor unkindly, "but I can't think of anybody else who can spare the time."

"As a matter of fact, I can't spare the time myself, *actually*," I said, but the Conductor ignored this remark.

I have often longed to attend a practice of what is known in this place as the Ork. Once or twice I have met the Conductor staggering away from the Hall with a white face, followed by the flushed and twittering members of his orchestra, whose shaking legs can hardly carry them to the Bun Shop for cups of reviving coffee which will enable them to face the hill home.

"They gave him six new-laid eggs."

At their yearly concert all is forgiven and forgotten, of course, and the Conductor, beaming with good nature, always waves the Ork to its feet to share in the applause. Afterwards they present him with a little speech of thanks and a fountain-pen, which he loses before the next concert. This saves them the trouble of thinking up some other idea. At the last concert, fountain-pens being off the market, they gave him six new-laid eggs. One of the second violins told me that when he thanked them there were tears in his eyes.

When I arrived at the Hall the orchestra was already assembled, making all the peculiar noises an orchestra does make when preparing to play.

"Late, Triangle!" said the Conductor, looking up from the score he was studying.

"I'm *not* late," I said indignantly, for I had run all the way from our house in order to avoid this contingency. "It's half a minute to eleven."

"Your seat is at the back," said the Conductor more kindly, "next the Double Bass. You don't come in at all in the first movement."

Good. That would give me a whole movement, untrammelled by Pings, in which to study the Ork at work. I threaded my way with difficulty between the music-stands, and took my seat.

"Now," said the Conductor, standing up, "this is a lovely little Work. It starts *presto forte-fortissimo*, and if it isn't played with gusto it isn't worth playing at all, so go to it for all you're worth. I shall count two in the bar. One—two——"

There was a crash of sound. The Ork had gone to it. Bow-arms were moving up and down like piston-rods, eyes were shining and hats askew. Could this really be sight-reading? The Ork was a marvel! The Double Bass beside me Zoomed like thunder, and swaying to and fro, poked me in the cheek with its bow.

"Ow!" I said.

"I'm terribly sorry, Henrietta," said the Double Bass.

The Conductor tapped his stand. "What is all this disturbance at the back?" he said.

The Double Bass explained. "Is it bleeding?" said the Conductor coldly.

"No."

"Then don't make a fuss."

"It might have been my eye," I said reproachfully, and moved my chair, knocking over two 'cello cases as I did so.

The Conductor gave me a Look and raised his hands. Off they went again *presto forte-fortissimo*, and then suddenly the music changed, and the first and second violins began a sad little tune in the minor key.

The Conductor tapped his stand. "It has changed to the minor," he said, looking at little Mrs. Simpkins reproachfully.

"Yes, I do," said little Mrs. Simpkins, whose deafness has become a good deal worse lately. "Very pretty indeed," and she nodded and smiled.

The Conductor looked at her and sighed, and then they started again. Little Mrs. Simpkins still played in the major key, and the Conductor stopped the Ork and went and shouted in her ear.

"Minor?" said little Mrs. Simpkins. "Just fancy!"

"We will now go back to letter L," said the Conductor in a shaking voice, and they started. But whatever dear little Mrs. Simpkins was playing—and she played with concentration and determination—it wasn't letter L.

"L!" shrieked the Conductor in a high voice. "L!"

"I heard you," said little Mrs. Simpkins with dignity. "M—M for Mummy."

Her neighbour pointed out the place with her bow, and they started again. This time they got through to the end, and except for one little disturbance when the piece of velvet ribbon which Mrs. Whinebite fastens round her neck with a press-stud came unpopped, and she knocked over three music-stands retrieving it, all went smoothly.

"Poked me in the cheek."

At the end, the Conductor mopped his face with his handkerchief. He looked rather white. "We will now try the second movement," he said, and I raised my triangle on high in readiness.

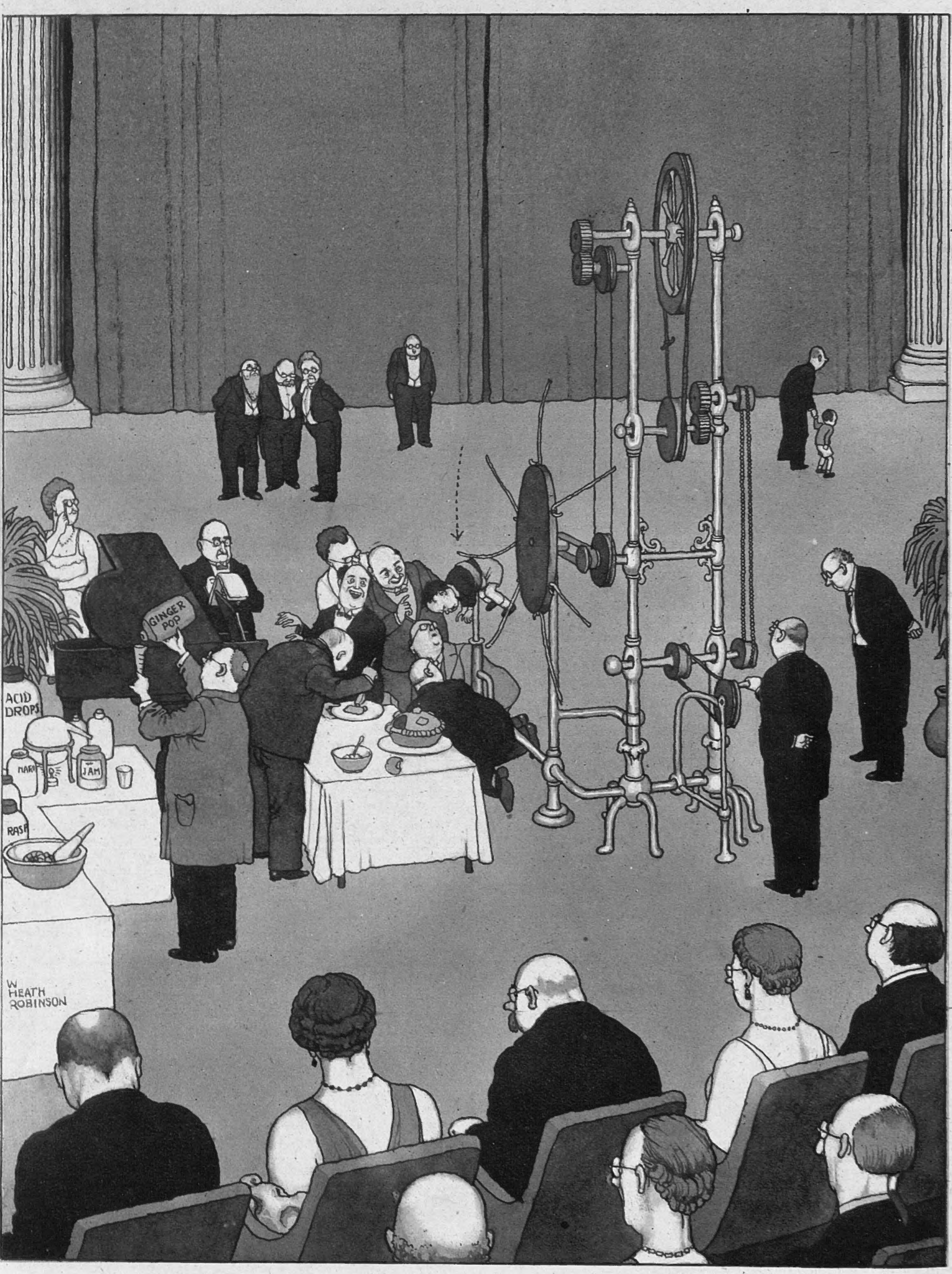
In triangle playing, if you have only three Pings in a whole movement, and each ping is separated from the next by at least eighty bars, and you aren't very good at reading music anyway, it is extremely difficult to Come In at the Right Time. The Conductor was sitting with his head in his hands, apparently weeping, by the time we had gone through the movement twice. After that I threw my music on the floor and trusted to Womanly Intuition and Memory. After the Double Bass had played three loud zooming notes I Pinged once; when one of the 'cellos turned round and gave me a Look, I Pinged a second time; and at the bit where little Mrs. Simpkins began playing in flats instead of sharps, I Pinged for the third and last time. This was correct.

The Conductor said "Good, Triangle!" and was I proud?

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"Went and shouted in her ear."



"THE SKETCH" BRAINS TRUST—NO. 3.

"IS IT TRUE THAT PHYSICAL PAIN IS PURELY IMAGINARY?" *Well, just try it on the boy, as they do here, in an interesting demonstration in high scientific quarters. . . . And do let us have your questions, even though we can only arrange to answer one at a time.*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

NEITHER the romantics nor the sterner realists, I feel, will be altogether satisfied by "ROXIE HART," the new Ginger Rogers picture at the Odeon. Set in the roaring 'twenties, the days when gun-molls and gangsters had more or less a monopoly of the front page, "Roxie Hart" is "period," but not quite period enough. It is too near our own times for the patina of age to have formed on it, too remote from our thought to seem altogether substantial.

The film is a satire, sometimes almost a broad farce, on the social success of murder. The heroine, a slightly mental young married woman and an aspiring dancer, is accused of sinking five bullets into an assiduous admirer. She goes to jail. She goes to trial. Assured by the Press and others that in this county they wouldn't even hang Lucrezia Borgia, she enters into her rôle with zest. She poses for the photographers in every dress in her wardrobe. She delights the judge and jury with a candid display of femur. Her cell is banked with flowers, and her prison diet is provided by the very best restaurants. She sky-rockets to fame as "the prettiest woman ever charged with murder in Cook County."

With those legs, and with an attorney (Adolphe Menjou) who knows every trick in the show—"the streets of this city are crowded with the women he's saved from their just deserts"—the verdict of Not Guilty is a foregone conclusion. The film has a slight narrative twist at the end, which will not surprise the knowing.

Love is allowed for in a way, in the person of a young reporter (George Montgomery), but the action is generally too flippant for the tenderer emotions, and his performance at best seems but shadowy. Lynne Overman, as a blasé newspaper veteran, puts the sharpest point on the satire, and comes nearest to a solid, flesh-and-blood characterisation. Miss Rogers, fine from the thighs down, seems altogether too shrewd an actress for the moronic, almost sub-human Roxie. Her postures are deliberately calculated, her dumbness almost too confidential. A good joke, possibly. A convincing performance, hardly. Above the gum-chewing mouth we are always aware of the bright, alert eyes, the amused, slightly cynical glance of an Academy Award actress Having Fun.

In "THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY" (Empire) it is Andy who is courted, although in the nicest possible way, of course, by a young woman whom the good Judge (Lewis Stone) himself has introduced into the Hardy family circle. This girl (Donna Reed), the unhappy daughter of estranged parents, blossoms out under Andy's experienced care from a "droop" into a stunner. No wedding-bells, of course, are presaged by the title, and the end leaves Master Hardy free once more to groom the Metro-Goldwyn débutantes for stardom. The film is one of the more satisfactory of the series, getting away from the big city and its problems to the homely, familiar, atmosphere of Carvel. Every one of the family is fully occupied here, with a special piece for Marion (Cecilia Parker), who has been a little passed over in the series lately. The sermon—for every Hardy chapter must have its sermon—is on divorce and its maleficent effect on children. The Judge, we are happy to observe, is in good voice and fine, rich pulpit form.

If "DR. BROADWAY" (Carlton) had only kept on as well as it began, it might have been a really superior gangster picture. It starts off on the top note of excitement. The traffic grinds to a stop in New York's Times Square. Police sirens wail, and fire-bells ring. Busy patrol-men force back the excited crowds. Ambulance men open out their big steel net. A spotlight is focussed on an upper window in a skyscraper, where a hysterical girl is preparing to jump. "Out of the world, that's where I'm going!" she yells monotonously. "Out of the world, that's where you all ought to go!"

Will she jump or won't she? Not knowing the young woman's ranking in the cast, if she is the heroine or a mere bit player, we really are in doubt for a moment. A busy young doctor—"Doc. Broadway" as he is affectionately known to the Force—watches her curiously from the street. "She won't jump" he says to the cop in charge, diagnosing, as Wodehouse's Jeeves might do, the psychology of the individual. But just to make sure he goes up himself, climbs out of the window, humours her with flippant remarks about pigeons, and gets her back to safety.

Everyone breathes again, particularly those who feel a bit sick at the thought of heights, anyway. It has been a great moment, but unfortunately it has also been the peak moment of the picture. After this gallant opening, "Dr. Broadway" slumps badly. The suicidal blonde turns out to be merely advertising Hambone Harris and His Harlem Hot Spots (Theme tune, "Out of the World") for the price of a meal-ticket. The Doctor, obviously a man of impulse, promptly engages her as his receptionist, a post which appears to be something of a sinecure.

The rest of the film follows the routine pattern of these affairs. A gangster (Eduardo Cianelli) entrusts the Doctor with 100,000 dollars held in fund for his long-lost daughter. (No, not the blonde, but an unidentified brunette, a dim, off-stage character.) The gangster is killed, and the Doctor's incautious goings-on involve him in trouble with both police and gunmen.

A newcomer from the Broadway stage, Macdonald Carey, plays the casual medico. Mr. Carey is no Alan Ladd, but he has an easy assured way with him, and I expect we shall see a good deal of him in future pictures. A Miss Jean Phillips, once stand-in to Jean Harlow, is the blonde. Miss Phillips has a certain opulence of her own, and bears quite a marked resemblance to her illustrious predecessor, but as a victim of malnutrition I should say she would hardly convince even such dumb cops as we encounter here.

"THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D." (Warners) is just a light exercise for Bette Davis, a mere refresher between her serious

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

**Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler and Judy Campbell. Anti-Nazi family in the U.S.A.

*Coliseum: "MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Revival, with Sonnie Hale; Elsie Randolph.

*Comedy: "IT'S ABOUT TIME." Revue, with Ronald Frankau, Ivy St. Helier, Magda Kun, Carole Lynne.

**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome. "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver, Jeanne Ravel, Celia Lipton.

**His Majesty's: "BIG TOP." Cochran's latest, with Beatrice Lillie, Cyril Ritchard, Fred Emney, Madge Elliott, Patricia Burke.

**Lyric: "THE LAND OF SMILES." Revival. Richard Tauber singing.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

Phœnix: "SKY HIGH" Revue. Hermiones Baddeley and Gingold; Walter Crisham; Naunton Wayne; Elizabeth Welch.

*Prince of Wales: "HAPPIDROME." B.B.C. success put on the stage by George Black.

***St. James's: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton, Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.

*St. Martin's: "RAIN." Revival, with Wanda Rotha, G. H. Mulcaster.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

*Strand. "REBECCA." Revival. with Owen Nares.

**Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

**Whitehall: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Olga Lindo; Phyllis Dare.

*Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

GEORGE RAFT *plays himself—in Universal's "Broadway" (Leicester Square Theatre)—a dancer revisiting the scenes of his early struggles.* JANET BLAIR *is his partner.* PAT O'BRIEN *co-stars as the detective investigating a murder committed in a flamboyant "speakeasy" of the roaring 'twenties. Directed by William A. Seiter, the film is a new version of the same subject made famous on screen and stage some years ago.*

spells of drama. Bette Davis Fan Clubs may feel a qualm as they watch their favourite tossed and tumbled by tough little co-star James Cagney, and many a faithful cheek may pale—or blush—over the scene in which Mr. Cagney places Miss Davis across his knee and calmly extracts cactus thorns from the seat of her pants. But when the first shock of surprise is over, many, I think, will find "The Bride Came C.O.D." an agreeable hot-weather piece, almost a relief from tension. There's a great deal to be said, even in slapstick, for a couple of players who thoroughly know their job.

The title, unlike many film titles, is strictly descriptive. Miss Davis does literally come C.O.D. As socialite Joan Winfield, one of those spoilt millionaire's daughters, she has undertaken a bored elopement with a band leader (Jack Carson) in a 'plane piloted by Steve Collins (James Cagney). But the millionaire hasn't made his pile without acquiring a business trick or two. He makes a deal with the pilot, by which Steve is to deliver the girl, unmarried, at Amarillo, Texas, receiving C.O.D. at the rate of 10 dollars per pound freight.

The heiress, however, discovers the plot and crashes the 'plane among the cactus in Death Valley. There, in an abandoned mining town, the pilot proceeds to give his freight a lesson or two in life and its meaning, a vigorous course which is interrupted by the arrival of father, ex-bridegroom, the sheriff, and a posse of reporters. In the end, of course, the contract is kept; the bride is weighed in, and fortunately swings the scales at a poundage that will pay the pilot's last instalment on his airplane. Father waits, cheque-book in hand. The scales tip at 118 lb. The 'plane is Steve's. So, naturally, is the girl.

Swing addicts will possibly have a good time with "BLUES IN THE NIGHT" (Regal), which studies jiving and its kindred subtleties with an almost fanatical passion. Richard Whorf, a newcomer from Broadway who is often excellent in his rôle, appears as a swing pianist in a St. Louis café, who gathers a small band of enthusiasts round him and sets out to make a career in music. Travelling across America on baggage cars, always with their burning zeal for swing to inspire them, the troupe are befriended by a racketeer (Lloyd Nolan). This fellow, it appears, owns a roadhouse, shady but prosperous, somewhere over in Jersey. Here the good companions are established, and here their Blues are interrupted by more violent and even noisier forms of drama.

Women, naturally, are involved—a good woman (Priscilla Lane), who is the horn-player's wife, and a bad, bad woman (Betty Field), who occupies the roadhouse as the gangster's cast-off mistress. Our pianist loves the horn-player's wife, but dallies with the wanton. Their emotional tangles almost break up the brotherhood of the Blues for good, but in the end Music, or what passes for music with these wishful thinkers, proves stronger than melodrama, and even murder. "Blues in the Night" is not just the film to choose for a quiet siesta, and I don't recommend it to the lovers of old-fashioned music, but along its specialised lines it is sometimes effective, and certainly tears up the celluloid at a brisk and noisy pace.

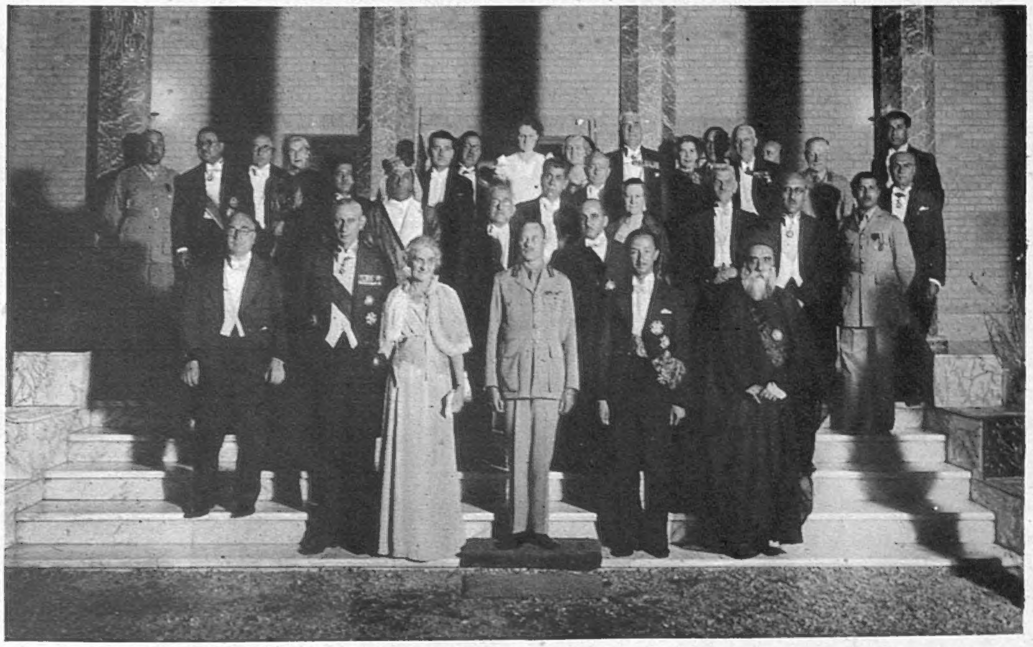
I don't suppose our cool, exquisite Madeleine Carroll ever dreamed that she would one day be teamed in a film with a trained penguin, but that is what has happened to her in "MY FAVOURITE BLONDE" (Plaza). Of course, the two are not alone. Bob Hope, as the penguin's owner, goes along too. Mr. Hope, as a matter of fact, is at the top of his form, and the whole thing turns out to be one of Paramount's lighter, brighter comedies.

The situation is one of those happy absurdities made possible—if possible is the word—by the war. Miss Carroll is a trusted Government agent who has to carry The Plans, the plans of a bomber rendezvous, across America. Her predecessors having been murdered, and the Nazis hot on her trail, the poor girl is in deadly peril, and naturally seeks an aide and confidante. Her choice falls on a music-hall performer (Mr. Hope), who is travelling to Hollywood, anyway, with his penguin Percy.

The situation is a bit beyond our hero's slow-moving mind at first. A *preux chevalier* at heart, however, he quickly adjusts himself to the rôle of protector. Percy, too, takes the fugitive under his wing. The three of them, with the police as well as the Nazis close on their heels, make a desperate dash for the coast. Mr. Hope once gets as near death as a coffin, and it's a wonder, the way things turn out, that they ever reach the Californian airfield. There are moments when we feel that the Axis must get the lady spy, and the plans, and the penguin and everything, but at the very last minute all is saved, one hundred and fifty Lockheed bombers set out for England with R.A.F. protection, and democracy can breathe again.

"Blues in the Night" (Regal) has PRISCILLA LANE *as character blonde singer, with* RICHARD WHORF *as Jigger Pine, café pianist, who forms a Blues band. Birth, desertion, jealousy, fill the lives of this travelling orchestra, and eventually death comes for more than one of the chief characters; but the Blues band plays on.*

ROYAL, DIPLOMATIC, AND GOOD CAUSE OCCASIONS,



Baghdad dinner-party group: SAYID TEWFIK SWEIDI, H.E. *the* BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR KINAHAN CORNWALLIS, LADY CORNWALLIS, H.R.H. *the* DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *the* AMIR ABDUL ILLAH, REGENT OF IRAQ, *and the* PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE *(front row; l. to r.).*

Red tape, snails and lilies symbolise the Ministry o Labour. A mural decoration by MISS OLGA LEHMAN *and* MR. GILBERT WOOD *at a big Government canteen*

Right: LADY LAURIE, *the Lady Mayoress, received from* MRS. VINCENT MASSEY *a quilt, made in Alberta, to be auctioned for the Lord Mayor's Empire Air Raid Distress Fund. It is embroidered with the names of Canadian subscribers.*

A lunch in honour of the American Forces was held at Simpson's Services Club. MRS. SIMPSON *is seen chatting with* H.E. *the* U.S. AMBASSADOR, MR. WINANT, *and* GENERAL CRINER.

DR. ABER, *who transcribed Shostakovitch's "Leningrad Symphony" from the micro-film flown from Russia; and* MRS. ABER *(right) were guests at the B.B.C. "Russia's Year of War" party when the symphony was played.*

As the Theatrical Garden Party is not being held, a special matinée of "Watch on th Rhine" was given for the Actors' Orphanage. NOEL COWARD, *chairman, and star* DIANA WYNYARD *and* ANTON WALBROOK *are in conference.*

WEDDINGS AND NOTABILITIES OF THE WEEK.

The DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH *recently presented, on behalf of the New York branch of "Bundles for Britain, Inc.", a mobile canteen to the Burgh of Dumfries.*

LADY KNOX *and* MRS. NYE *were saleswomen on duty outside the War Office on the 31st National Rose Day. Many of the Alexandra Roses sold this year were collected for use in 1943, as a wartime economy.*

ADMIRAL HAROLD R. STARK, *U.S. Navy Chief of the U.S. Forces in European waters, bought an Alexandra Rose on National Rose Day on his way to U.S. Naval H.Q.*

Left: The marriage of MISS SUSETTE HARVEY, *daughter of the Lord Bishop of Cashel, to* LIEUT. JOHN HOWARD KEESEY, R.A.M.C., *took place at St. Mary's, Buscot. The bride's father flew from Ireland to officiate.*

MME. MAISKY *and* H.E. *the* SOVIET AMBASSADOR *were greeted by* ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD EVANS *on arrival at the New Gallery Cinema for the gala performance of the film "Defeat of the Germans near Moscow."*

LIEUT. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR., *third son of the President, was interested in the uniform tricorne shown him by a W.R.N.S. officer of the British Admiralty Liaison Service at U.S.A. Military H.Q.*

"CHRISTENING PARTY" AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, CAIRO.

The "christening party" for the fine new utility car presented by Miss Abbond, V.A.D., to the "Cairo 4 V.A.D." took place at the British Embassy, Cairo. LADY LAMPSON, *wife of H.E. the British Ambassador, is the president of the British Red Cross Society in Egypt, with Mrs. Blosse-Lynch as her assistant, and is Commandant of the "Cairo 4" detachment, raised at the beginning of the war. This has a working membership of thirty, which includes the members in this group. Lady Lampson is standing by the open door of the new car.*

LADY LAMPSON, *wife of H.E. the British Ambassador to Egypt, Sir Miles Lampson, P.C., G.C.M.G., C.B.*

Another study of LADY LAMPSON, *with her infant son, born in 1941, posed in the gardens of the British Embassy, Cairo.*

Whatever new and overpowering tanks the Germans may or may not have, it is certain that they do not possess any armour of this calibre of umpteen beauty power and oomph. The vehicle is the mighty tank in Leonidoff's gala stage production "To the Colors," at the Radio City Music Hall, New York, which is manned by a crew of Rockettes, the famous precision dancers.

When it comes to precision, neither the Army, Navy, Marines nor America's West Point cadets can outstep the Rockettes of New York's Radio City Music Hall. These 36 girls, who dance as one, have won international fame as a unit. Their ages run from eighteen to twenty-three, and they range in height from 5 ft. 3 ins. at the ends of the line to 5 ft. 6 ins. for the dancers in the middle.

ROCKETTE MANNED! A TANK WHICH THE GERMANS HAVEN'T GOT.

William Pitt (ROBERT DONAT) *making one of his great speeches in the House. The set shows the original Chamber before the fire of 1834.*

WHEN BONEY THREATENED BRITAIN AS HITLER DOES TO-DAY!

" We shall at last see that wicked fabric destroyed ! " Pitt (ROBERT DONAT) *gives one of his great speeches, driving home the true menace of Napoleon's plans for world conquest.*

Pitt defines the main object of the war against ... greatest that has ever threatened the world," in... conditions is ...

N.B. Colour plate...

The House gives Pitt a great welcome on his return from retirement in 1803 in the hour of dire danger from invasion by Napoleon.

...as "Security, security against a danger, the ...t speech of 1797. The parallel with present ...an striking."

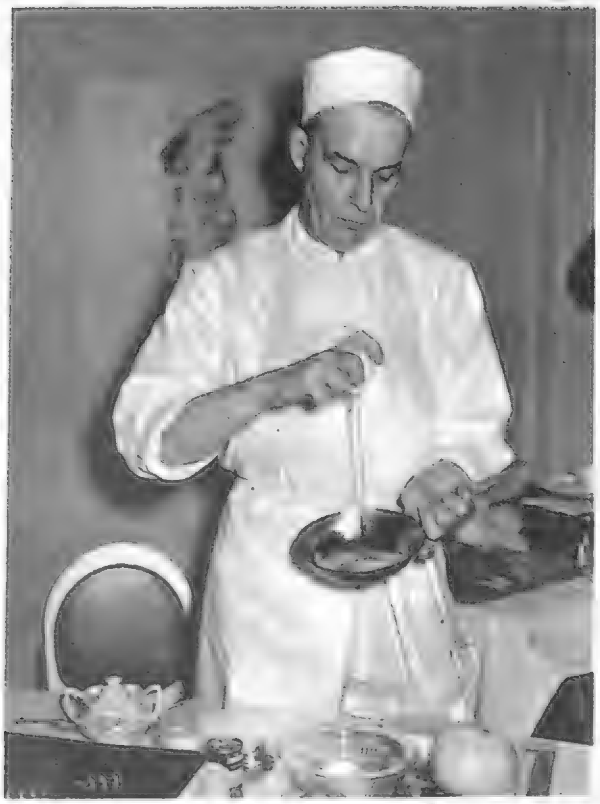
...ted in this issue.

Pitt's great opponent, Charles James Fox: ROBERT MORLEY as the famous and colourful politician whom he so closely resembles in appearance.

"THE YOUNG MR. PITT," important Twentieth Century Productions film directed by Carol Reed, is due for presentation at the New Gallery and Marble Arch on July 6. It is a striking historical picture, highly appropriate to the present day, for it's a reconstruction of England 150 years ago, when Napoleon stood where Hitler stands now, and the whole country was mobilised to defeat his threat of invasion and plans for world conquest. William Pitt the Younger (1759-1806) was the leader then, and the picture is the epic story of his struggle and how he carried the country forward to ultimate victory. The rôle is the longest ever played by Robert Donat. There are 148 speaking parts, and the settings of Britain and France in the last quarter of the eighteenth century are admirable. The old House of Commons has been faithfully reconstructed, and street scenes in the London of George III. are accurately recreated.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

ALFRED LUNT, for being America's No. 1 actor and a "cordon bleu" as well.



ALFRED LUNT *is good at an omelette. The chef's get-up becomes him as well as the intent expression with which he lectures his cookery class at the Wing Theatre Stage Door Canteen.*

Copious notes are made by THE WING CANTEEN COOKERY CLASS *as chef* ALFRED LUNT *gives them his valuable hints.*

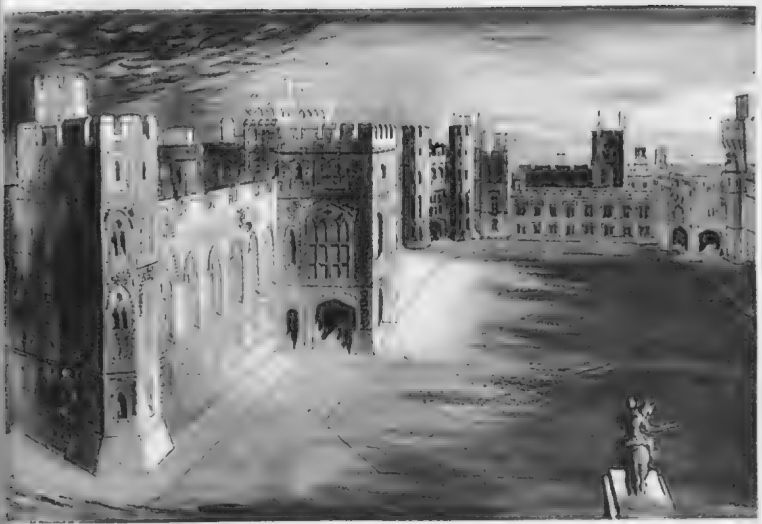
MERLE OBERON *(Lady Korda—since her husband's Birthday Honour) helps to entertain men of the Forces at the Wing Canteen.*

BETTE DAVIS *does her bit for the troops too. Though her hand sometimes aches with the continuous effort, she willingly writes her autograph.*

IN the Wing Theatre, New York, ALFRED LUNT has installed a canteen which gives a warm welcome to Service men. Here, besides composing wonderful dishes, the famous American actor gives classes in cookery, at which he is as expert as he is on the stage. Civilians—except entertainers, who are there for the diversion of the troops — are sternly debarred from this exclusive New York high spot. The Lunts themselves often divert their Service guests with specimens of their superb art.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDAMM.

The end of a perfect meal.—THE LUNTS (ALFRED LUNT AND LYNN FONTANNE) *clear up at the Wing Theatre Stage Door Canteen.*



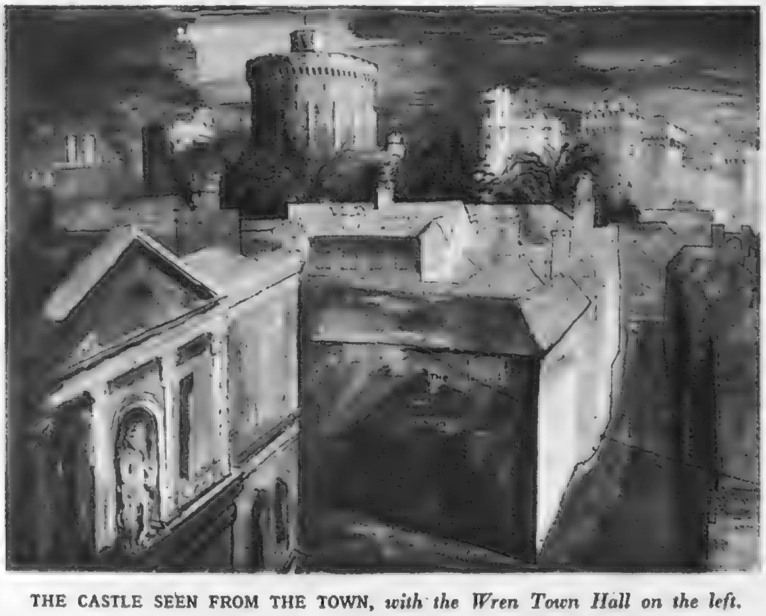
VIEW FROM THE ROUND TOWER, LOOKING EASTWARD ACROSS THE QUADRANGLE.

THE NORTH-EASTERN TERRACE FROM THE LIBRARY.

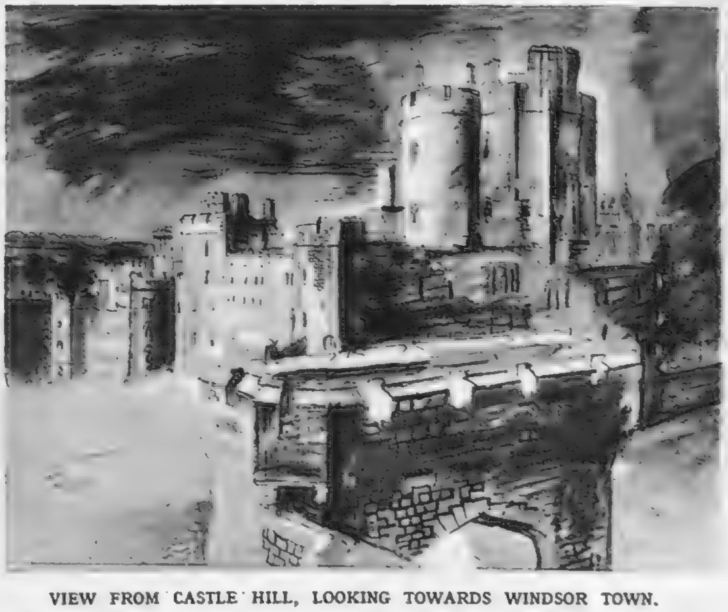
RECORDING WINDSOR FOR THE QUEEN: JOHN PIPER'S DRAWINGS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL STABLES.

To the second exhibition of "Recording England" at the National Gallery her Majesty the Queen has lent a remarkable series of drawings of Windsor Castle and Park which she commissioned from John Piper—a result of her appreciation of last year's show. Five of them are shown here, and they illustrate a modern and more dramatic conception of Windsor in contrast to the quiet, sunny water-colours made by the Georgian Paul Sandby. They are also interesting as showing the Queen's bent towards the moderns. The rest of the exhibition is a survey of different parts of England made by artists engaged in a pictorial record of fine buildings in possible danger of destruction.



THE CASTLE SEEN FROM THE TOWN, *with the Wren Town Hall on the left.*



VIEW FROM CASTLE HILL, LOOKING TOWARDS WINDSOR TOWN.

The Property of H.M. The Queen.

"BAMBI" COMES TO THE SCREEN

The opening sequences show little fawn BAMBI *learning to walk on his rakish, stilt-like legs. His gentle mother consoles him after a fall, while little zany Thumper watches.*

Just who's right way up in this picture is a matter of opinion! Bambi thinks that Mrs. Possum and family have the wrong slant on things, but they are sure that it's he who's upside down.

"I guess we'll have to unwind it!" Gay Thumper, the rabbit, makes this remark as he helps Bambi up after a fall on the ice in a "winter sports" sequence.

Merry young Thumper dissolves into hysterical laughter at the efforts of his playmate, Bambi, to maintain his balance on the ice, and rolls over and over in mirth.

It's the girls who always start things where romance is concerned. In the springtime sequence doe Faline melts the fellow of her choice, Bambi, with one quick lick.

The buck fight between Bambi (right) and his vicious rival, Ronno, is a fierce affair undertaken for the love of the doe Faline.

WALT DISNEY'S new full-length animated picture in Multiplane Technicolor is his first picturisation of a best-seller novel, and is based on the Felix Salten book of the same name. "Bambi" was a Book of the Month selection in 1928, and more than 500,000 copies have been sold. It's an animal

WITH ENGAGING FOREST BUDDIES.

ambi and his mother meet the rabbit family, prominent members of forest ircles. Thumper, the gay little zany bunny, becomes Bambi's boon companion and a new Disney star.

Bambi goes to school with the rabbits. They are pretty bright, and teach the young fawn to talk, in an amusing sequence introducing the gay antics of baby creatures.

The beautiful doe, Faline, is in grave danger from a pack of savage dogs, but Bambi comes along to save her in a most exciting sequence.

Baby Bambi finds that his first walk in snow is an alarming experience. What can have happened to the world to make it so very odd and white?

Young Bambi, just learning to talk, thinks that this animal is a flower when he runs across him in a bed of anemones—and the name sticks, so meet Flower the Skunk!

Bambi routs the fierce dogs who have attacked his doe, Faline. The fight is presented with amazing energy and go, and Bambi plays the hero.

story set in the Maine woods, and Maurice Day, the Disney artist responsible for providing the forest *décor*, spent months photographing, sketching and reconstructing replicas of these woods throughout the changing seasons. There are only 900 words of dialogue, but the story covers complete animal life cycles.

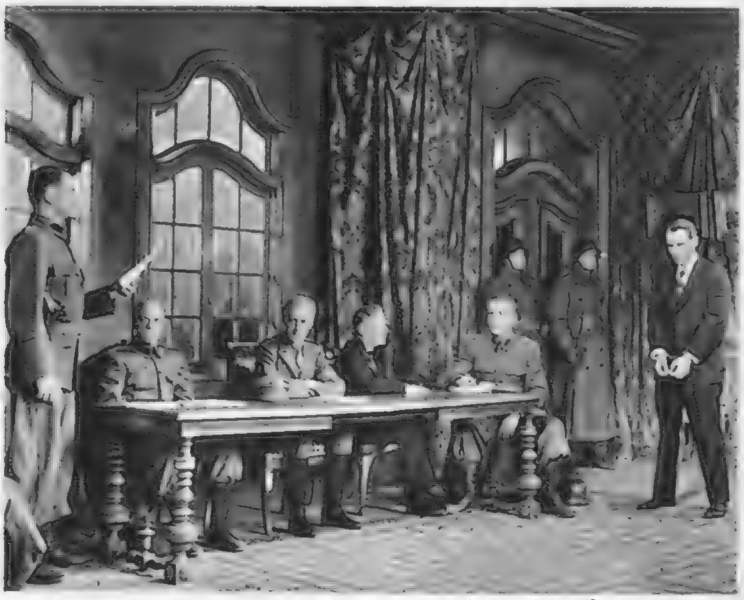
INVASION STAGED: JOHN STEINBECK'S "THE MOON IS DOWN."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDAMM STUDIOS.

Mayor Orden (RALPH MORGAN) *examined for firearms by Captain Bentick* (JOHN D. SEYMOUR) *and the Sergeant* (EDWIN GORDON).

Colonel Lanser (OTTO KRUGER), *commander of the invading force, decides to live in the five-room "palace" of the Mayor. Dr. Winter* (WHITFORD KANE) *and Mme. Orden* (LEONA POWERS) *are left and right.*

George Corell (E. J. BALLANTINE), *the local Quisling, finds that even the invaders despise him. Colonel Lanser, Major Hunter* (RUSSELL COLLINS) *and Lieut. Prackle* (CARL GOSE) *are left to right.*



The mock trial of Alex Morden (PHILIP FOSTER), *with (l. to r.) Captain Loft* (ALAN HEWITT), *Major Hunter, Colonel Lanser, Mayor Orden, Lieut. Prackle, and the accused man, who is condemned to death.*

Violence in the coal-mine reported to Colonel Lanser by Captain Loft. The body of the dead invader, Captain Bentick, has been brought in on a stretcher, and Lanser orders the arrest of Alex Morden, the miner who killed him.

"THE MOON IS DOWN," John Steinbeck's dramatisation of his own short novel, has been produced at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York. It's a live, convincing play, dealing with conditions in a small mining town which has been invaded and occupied by brutal enemy forces. No place names are given, but the village is obviously Norwegian, and the invaders German. There is a local Quisling, an upright, selfless Mayor, and a well-characterised group of men and women. The Commander of the invading troops enforces ruthless rule, although he is sufficiently intelligent to realise that repressive cruelty will only increase the silent, penetrating resistance and sabotage.

"Herd men win battles; but free men win wars": Colonel Lanser listens to the last words of the heroic Mayor.

GINGERING "ROXIE HART."

Dancing again after a spate of star-eyed workgirl parts, GINGER ROGERS *plays the title-rôle in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Roxie Hart" (Odeon)—a satire on American judicial procedure. For publicity's sake, and a vaudeville contract, Roxie agrees to stand trial for murder, and in court she vamps the foreman of the jury (right).* ADOLPHE MENJOU *as Billy Flynn is her lawyer and right-hand man.*

Roxie is none so hard-boiled that she cannot go dewy-eyed over a posy of flowers, but she gives the court a first-rate view of lovely legs.

Homer Howard (GEORGE MONTGOMERY)*, a cub reporter, believes firmly in Roxie's innocence, and for this she just can't hate him enough.*

Compare this glamour view of GINGER *with the angling picture in our last issue! By the way, her salary last year was £53,750, not dollars!*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE dust-cover calls "Cock-a-doodle-do" a "book of discursive reminiscence," a description which fits it well. For half a century Mr. C. B. Cochran has been in close touch with the stage. "I wish," he writes, "I could claim fifty years of association with London's entertainments; but by 1891 I had gone to America, and was doing my best to earn my living there as a comic singer and actor; and my first stage play production was in New York in 1897—'John Gabriel Borkman,' by Ibsen. It was not until 1902 that I first rented a London theatre, the Royalty, and produced two plays.

"When I look back, I realise that since then I have staged over one hundred plays in London in over twenty different theatres. I have held eight London theatres on long leases. For a season I managed the Earl's Court Exhibition. At Olympia I promoted entertainments ranging from *The Miracle* to the *Wonder Zoo*. I also staged at Olympia a great number of boxing matches."

Sportsmen. His first venture of this kind was in 1904, when he sponsored the famous wrestling match between Georges Hackenschmidt, "the Russian Lion," and his gigantic opponent Madrali, "the Terrible Turk." Fifteen years later the no less famous encounter between Beckett and Carpentier took place under his auspices. The first match lasted less than one minute; the second less than two: a surprise alike for the impresario and his public. Mr. Cochran has a good deal to say about the ring, the men inside it and the spectators.

As a critic, Mr. Cochran combines in a remarkable degree outspokenness with generosity. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of names are mentioned in his book (the admirable index guides one straight to them), nearly always with some vivid touch of appreciation; yet we never get the impression that his commendations are indiscriminate or insincere; despite the bouquets he showers on this and that gifted artist, when he calls Marie Lloyd "incomparable" we recognise, as he himself says, that he is not using "the adjective carelessly." He never debases the currency of praise.

A Hero-Worshipper. Sometimes his recollections, though always grouped round a central subject, pour forth at random (his marvellous memory owes but little prompting to diaries), sometimes they are continuous, as when he tells the story of the series of misadventures that queered the pitch for "The Boy David," or traces the stages of his friendship and professional association with Noel Coward—perhaps the most lucrative and exciting partnership of his long career. He is, he freely admits, a hero-worshipper; and the worship does not cease if an idol passes out of his immediate orbit, or momentarily falls from popularity. The commercial aspect of showmanship frankly means a great deal to him; in his judgments of theatrical productions there is generally some reference to it. But—and for this nearly every playgoer in London is his debtor—he has never sought for success exclusively, or even chiefly, in work which had an obvious popular appeal. A man of culture, travelled, well-read, civilised, sophisticated and always *dans le mouvement*, he has educated the public as well as pleased it; and his recollections, lit up by the footlights of his urbane and genial personality, will do the same.

Whom the Gods Love . . . To turn from his career, so rich with fulfilment and the promise of achievement still to come, to that of Ronald Cartland, for a few short years Member of Parliament for King's Norton, is to go from the sunshine into the shadow. At least, that is how I look at it, though Miss Barbara Cartland, Ronald's sister, has written the record of a golden life, which might have been lived to illustrate the saying "Whom the gods love die young."

He was born in 1907 of parents who had every expectation of being rich. Actually they were not: Ronald scored his political successes in spite of being chronically hard up. Possibly it was an advantage to him to have missed the silver spoon. Poverty stimulated and threw him on his own resources. But his vitality of nature and fire of conviction were such that, had he been born in a gutter or a palace, he would have made his mark. A more serious handicap to him in the political arena was his unswerving singleness of purpose, and his faith in himself. He came of a family well known and long established in Birmingham, and stood for King's Norton in the Conservative interest; but in many ways he was out of tune with his party. A year or so after his election Mr. Maxton said to him: "The only trouble with you, Ronnie, is that you are on the wrong side of the House." The delightful letters he wrote to his mother, the fiery and eloquent speeches (many of them printed *in extenso*) that he delivered on platforms, show him to have been at least as much a Socialist as a Conservative. Only in two vital matters, I think, did he adhere to the principles of his own Party. He believed in Capitalism. "Whatever you do with your economic system, and whatever you do to produce a superb economic state, if you are going to do that at the loss of human personality, then you will destroy civilisation, which is the very thing you want to preserve. Judged by these standards, the capitalist system is the best system—although it is not perfect—that can be designed or has been devised up to the present time."

The other principle in which he was at one with his Party was his intense faith in England and in England's mission to the world.

Patriot and Revolutionary. Thus, the moment he saw England threatened, he threw up politics and joined the Army. He did not expect to enjoy being a soldier, but he made a great success of it; the letters that describe his experiences before the evacuation of Dunkirk—in the course of which he was killed, aged only thirty-three—breathe the sanguine and exalted spirit that was his through life. But he was a patriot without a touch of jingoism. His ideal was to see England great through the happiness of its people, and to this end he laboured unceasingly, in season and, as some of his fellow-members thought, out of season. "I 'm more revolutionary than ever," he wrote in the last year of his life. Politics were his profession, and as such they provide much of the material of Miss Cartland's biography. But religion was his motive power, and religion he proclaimed with a frankness almost unique in these days. A happy warrior, he was also that perhaps rarer thing, a happy churchman.

CRÈME D'OIGNONS GLACÉE.

¾ pint of water.	¾ pint of milk.
4 oz. of spring or green onions.	Salt and pepper.

Mix the milk and water, season to taste and add the onions with their stalks. Leave to simmer for half an hour. Pass the onions (not the stalks) through a sieve, add to the liquid, and put in the frigidaire or other cool place. Beat with an egg-whisk before serving, and if possible add one teaspoonful of cream to each cup or soup-plate.

A Woman in Charge. "The Brittle Glass" is the story of a woman whom circumstances, perhaps against the bent of her nature, turned into a *femme maîtresse*. Sorrel Kingaby came to control a business, a household and—in a degree to which few of us attain—her own fate. Her father, a man of unstable emotions, many love-affairs and two marriages, turned against the children of his first wife after her death, and banished them from his house for seven years. In the meanwhile he married again, a woman of inferior type, who bore him a daughter instead of the son he longed for. Returning home at his death, Sorrel found the house, the business, everything going down-hill. To restore the family fortunes was her first concern. Love came later in an unexpected fashion, and was quickly snatched from her grasp. Except from her sisters, who adored her—as, indeed, did most of her large, miscellaneous household—her tender feelings met with little response. She appears to have ended her life as a respected and philanthropic educationist.

As will be seen, the episodes of Sorrel's career are curiously arbitrary—not more arbitrary, no doubt, than they might have been in real life, but too arbitrary to make a pattern in fiction. What exactly, one wonders, was Miss Norah Lofts' purpose in writing this story? Not, I think, to give a picture of East Anglia at the beginning of the nineteenth century, for the historical aspect, though adequately treated, is not essential to the book: it makes possible the episode of the smugglers, and gives an impression of remoteness, otherwise it could be dispensed with. Possibly the story is an experiment in form: the narrative is taken up in turn by different characters who write in the first person, each regarding Sorrel from a new viewpoint—an interesting method, but one that leaves a lot of loose ends, and emphasises the planlessness of the book.

One Nasty Fellow. In declaring that there was one nasty fellow at large in Little Marstow, Mr. Fortune was almost guilty of an understatement. Nevertheless, owing to his skill and far-sightedness, the title of Mr. Bailey's book—"No Murder"—is justified, although the number of corpses and near-corpses would have done credit to a play by Ford. The villain displayed an amazing persistence in violence: "try, try again" seems to have been his motto. With one of his victims it is difficult to feel much sympathy, since an hour of her company must have infected half her audience with the lust to kill. The case, of course, defeats the local police, and more than once the thread breaks in Mr. Fortune's hand; to follow the intricacies of the case to their conclusion taxes even his powers of observation and intuition.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Cock-a-doodle-do. By Charles B. Cochran. (*Dent*; 15s.)
Ronald Cartland. By his Sister, Barbara Cartland. (*Collins*; 12s. 6d.)
The Brittle Glass. By Norah Lofts. (*Michael Joseph*; 8s. 6d.)
No Murder. By H. C. Bailey. (*Gollancz*; 7s. 6d.)

CAROLE LYNNE, MAGDA KUN and BERYL MASON *in "At the Museum." They sing "Juno, Diana and Venus, three little Roman remains."*

"Home, Sweet Home" is an amusing sketch by Audrey and Waveney Carten in "IT'S ABOUT TIME," *at the Comedy.* WILFRED HYDE WHITE *and* IVY ST. HELIER *are White-chapel parents, disconcerted by their chic, modern children,* VIRGINIA WINTER *and* KENNETH CARTEN.

"IT'S ABOUT TIME" GOOD THINGS.

Right: "Miss Miller Teaches Privately," with IVY ST. HELIER *and* VIRGINIA WINTER *as the music mistress and her pupil.*

"SKY HIGH" GOOD SHOTS.

WALTER CRISHAM *and* PRUDENCE HYMAN *appear as the Matador and the Dancer in "Arena," a bull-ring ballet scene of* "SKY HIGH," *at the Phœnix.*

ELIZABETH WELCH *sings "Broadway Slave," one of the successful numbers in the new Phœnix revue.*

Right: HERMIONE BADDELEY *is one of the wartime mermaids in the brilliantly witty sub-ocean sketch of "Sky High."*

Left: HERMIONE GINGOLD *as an elderly mermaid in the amusing sketch by Alan Melville.*

MURDERERS' ROW.

III.—MURDER OF A JUDGE'S MARSHAL.* By WINIFRED DUKE.

THE ditches were choked with meadowsweet and the green of the flat fields almost strident in its colour. A narrow lane twisted between pasture and plough-land, apparently leading nowhere, and along it came the judge and his companion. Mr. Justice Deidpole was the presiding judge at Derriford Assizes. The calendar was to open on Monday, and this being Saturday, the judge, a great walker, had set out after lunch to explore the countryside. His marshal accompanied him, silent, unprotesting, but nevertheless hating the expedition. The judge was remarking affably on the varieties of wild flowers along the hedges.

"I wonder how far we 've come."

"I should think at least eight miles."

"That 's nothing. All the same, I should like a cup of tea."

He gazed hopefully at his marshal.

"I 'm afraid . . . There doesn't seem to be an inn of any kind."

"Oh, nonsense! We aren't so remote as all this. What 's that?"

"That" appeared to be a dun roof, sunk in foliage, with a chimney jutting up at either end. The two followed the lane's windings to where a stile had been set in the hedge and beyond a path ran across the fields. Mr. Justice Deidpole vaulted the stile, his marshal following more leisurely. They made their way down the dusty brown slant and saw a sluggish stream and a low white house. It looked a slatternly, unattractive dwelling, and bore a nearly obliterated signboard: The Cock.

The young man halted, staring at it. His face was pale in the sunlight. "I 've been here before," he muttered thickly.

"Nonsense! Bickerdyke was my marshal last year at Derriford."

"I don't mean that, my lord. The house was different then."

The judge gazed in perplexity at his companion. Could it be a touch of the sun? "You want your tea," he declared firmly.

He hammered on a weather-warped door. Whilst he waited for it to be opened he looked about him. The fields were muddy, low-lying, a dull green, and the river intersecting them ran brown and sluggish instead of blue and sparkling. The house was battered, time-stained, uninviting. He was not over-troubled with imagination, but he could well picture it as the scene of some dark and stealthy deed committed away from the light of day.

The door was opened by an excessively nondescript woman. She looked as neutral-coloured, as tumbledown, and as dilapidated as her dwelling. Mr. Justice Deidpole was accustomed to deference, cordiality, welcome, and the woman's blank stare intimidated him. Behind him he could hear his marshal breathing nervously.

"Er——" he began. "Is this an inn?"——"No."

"There is certainly an inn sign."

"Oh, *that*! Been there years. Ain't worth while to take it down."

"I see. I was wondering whether we could have a cup of tea."

"I don't serve teas, 'specially to strange folks." The woman retreated.

"Well, really!" spluttered Mr. Justice Deidpole.

"Come along, my lord," urged his marshal.

Fuming, the judge acquiesced and the two retraced their steps to the lane. Once or twice both halted and looked back. Despite the heat Mr. Justice Deidpole shivered. "Queer place," he muttered. "Wonder what its story is?"

"Shall we go back the same way, my lord, or push on? We might find a farmhouse where they 'd give us tea."

"That woman! Did you ever know such manners? And she ought to have supplied some refreshment. The place was an inn."

"It used to be. I remember the pigeons' loft."

The judge halted in the narrow lane and faced his companion.

"When were you here before?" he demanded.

"I—I never was, my lord. That 's the queer thing, but I seem to know that house."

"You must have got a touch of the sun. I never heard such nonsense! We 'll get back to Derriford and you 'd better lie down."

The judge strode along the lane, muttering angrily. His marshal trotted meekly beside him, pondering over the strange sense of familiarity which had seized him directly he saw the sinister inn. His brow grew furrowed as he strove to reconstruct the plan of the house. He must have been there once, for he remembered the stark terror he had experienced within its walls. How long ago?

As the couple turned out of the lane a car, driven by a tall woman, halted. She leaned out and addressed the judge.

"Isn't it Mr. Justice Deidpole? I 'm Lady Maggott. Do come back with me for tea." This was just the kind of recognition and invitation in which the judge's soul delighted. All smiles, he accepted and entered the car. Might he introduce his marshal? The young man bowed in response to Lady Maggott's toothy beam.

Sir Joshua Maggott had made a fortune, received a knighthood, and settled down at Mallow Court. He was interested in the antiquarian possibilities of the countryside and when tea was over carried off the young marshal to show him his library. Lady Maggott and the judge went to inspect the walled gardens. Whilst looking at an eighteenth-century map of Derriford the judge's marshal inquired whether his host could tell him anything of an inn called The Cock.

"There 's no inn of that name here. Where did you hear of it?"

"I 've seen it. At least . . . Mr. Justice Deidpole and I walked there and he asked for tea, but the woman was rather—discouraging."

"Strange! There aren't many inns; at least, apart from the usual public houses you 'll find in most of the little Derrifordshire villages. I can't recollect any called The Cock."

An interruption occurred here in the shape of a triumphant Lady Maggott, flushed and excited. Wasn't it splendid? she gushed. She had persuaded Mr. Justice Deidpole to abandon the judge's lodgings in Derriford and spend the week-end at Mallow Court. The invitation, naturally, included his marshal, and she would undertake to convey both to Derriford for the Court on Monday.

The judge's belongings and those of his marshal were duly fetched, and after an admirable dinner the quartette found themselves in Sir Joshua's library. He had routed out "Antiquarian and Historical Researches in Derrifordshire," and drew the attention of the judge's marshal to one chapter.

"It seems that in 1766 there *was* an inn called The Cock four miles from Derriford. Derriford Assizes were being held and Patience Passey, the daughter of the people who kept the inn, was indicted for stealing a gold chain, the property of a London lady who had lodged with them. She vowed her innocence, but the chain was discovered under the mattress of her bed, and she was found guilty and sentenced to death, being executed at Derriford Cross the following day!"

"But—but she was innocent!" All present stared at the judge's marshal. He was pallid, shaking, his eyes starting from his head as though he beheld something too horrible to be real.

"I don't know about that." Sir Joshua shrugged his shoulders. "The chain was found under her mattress, remember. A gold chain would be a great temptation to a girl of that class in those times."

"She couldn't sell it or wear it. I wonder why she took it," remarked Lady Maggott. "Perhaps she had a lover."

"Yes, yes, she had," muttered the judge's marshal.

Mr. Justice Deidpole, with that suavity which seldom left him, even on the Bench, proposed an adjournment to bed if Lady Maggott did not mind his deserting her and Sir Joshua so early. In truth, he was anxious to get his marshal out of the room before the latter made a further exhibition of himself.

The judge's marshal did not sleep. For hours he tossed and turned. Finally he rose and dressed. That sinister inn beckoned. He walked, stumbling in his haste, across fields and plough-land, until finally the low slant of that roof showed sunken in soggy ground.

He did not seem himself. Even his clothing had altered and was obsolete, unfamiliar. He wore his hair differently and in place of his usual townsman's tread walked with the slouching step of a countryman. With clumsy haste he went round to the door and knocked. After a pause it was opened by a woman in deep mourning. "Ay, 'tis you," she muttered. "Let me come in," he pleaded.

"Of what use? The poor lass is gone—and you know how she died."

The woman led the way into a tap-room. A group of people sat there, their clothing sombre, their faces pale, in some cases tear-stained, but out of every pair of eyes looked the same thing—an implacable hostility. The oldest spoke.

"What do you do here? Nothing can bring back the dead."

"Nay, but we can punish the living," cried a boy. "See him stand there—the craven! And he would not go to Patience to bid her farewell ere she walked to the gallows!"

"He is afraid!" screamed a girl. "'Tis my belief he took the chain."

He heard a high, dreadful voice yelling a confession. Yes, he had stolen the chain and, fearing discovery, had hidden it in Patience's bed. When his words ceased there was a terrible silence, followed by the cry of Patience's father. "You, too, shall die!"

He turned and ran from the room. Vaguely he realised that he was doubling to and fro in a maze of damp passages, then rushing madly up the steep stair, facing a great moon glaring in through a window on the upper landing. The pack hunting him to his doom ran him to earth at last and strong hands bore him down and out of the inn. In the moonlight the mouth of the well gaped dark and deep. He clung to the side, fighting feebly as he was forced over the edge, crying his betrayed love's name.

Mr. Justice Deidpole was justifiably annoyed when there was no appearance of his marshal at breakfast. As the day wore on without any sign of the young man, he began to be anxious. Lady Maggott, glossing over her other guest's inexplicable and ill-mannered disappearance, suggested after lunch that he might have gone back to Derriford to see to something in connection with his marshal's duties. Meanwhile, why not take her husband for a walk?

Sir Joshua and the judge set off together. Their perambulations eventually brought them out in the lane which Mr. Justice Deidpole and his marshal had explored the day before.

"Let 's go down here," the judge proposed. "My marshal seemed to have a regular bee in his bonnet about the place. They may have seen or heard something of him."

The disagreeable woman of the previous encounter opened the door. Nay, she 'd seen no young man. The judge, nonplussed, retreated and joined Sir Joshua, who was enthusiastically exploring the premises.

"This must have been an inn. See that old signboard? And this well." He peered down into the oily depths. "I wonder how far it dates back. I expect those old stones could tell a few queer things."

Mr. Justice Deidpole made no reply. He wanted his tea, and he was wondering whether he should find his marshal at Mallow Court on his return. [THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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WOMEN IN WARTIME

LINEN AND FLANNEL SUITS.
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NOW is the time that women must review their clothes, taking into consideration the number of coupons they have to spend. It is false economy to fritter money away on ill-fitting garments. Dresses and hats must be of such a character that they may be varied with the aid of accessories. There could be no more practical affair than the tailored hostess gown pictured above. It may be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, and is carried out in a striped brocade; the arrangement of the stripes is becoming to the majority. There are many variations on this theme, and they are as suitable for an informal dinner as for wearing at home after a strenuous day. Here are to be seen simple wrap-over dressing-gowns in warm fabrics which are appropriate for breakfast as well as for garden wear. Pretty coatees for convalescents have their rôles to play.

IT is so pleasant to be able to think in terms of linen where tailored suits are concerned. Many of us imagined that they would not be available this year. H. J. Nicoll, Regent Street, have a limited stock which are being offered at pleasantly moderate prices. The one pictured on the right is from these salons, is admirably cut and tailored and, as a matter of fact, it has no rival to fear. Flannel suits are well represented, many having knitting-needle stripes while others are plain. The colours are good and, of course, the suits are cut on simple lines. Neither must the wool cardigans, twin sets and pull-overs be overlooked; women must make a point of seeing them at the earliest opportunity. Everything for men and women in the Services has received special attention: it seems almost unnecessary to add that they are correct in every detail. They have passed the censorship of the authorities and the materials used are the best obtainable.

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FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS

How to lay up your car

If you are putting away your Austin for the duration you'll find these tips worth following. A little care in laying up will make your Austin all the fitter for the road when the time comes, so follow the points carefully in the order given.

1 Wash the car thoroughly, especially under wings and running board—and polish coachwork.

2 Grease and oil all chassis lubricating points, road springs, brake operating mechanism and engine controls.

3 Run engine till warm; then drain water completely from radiator and cylinder block.

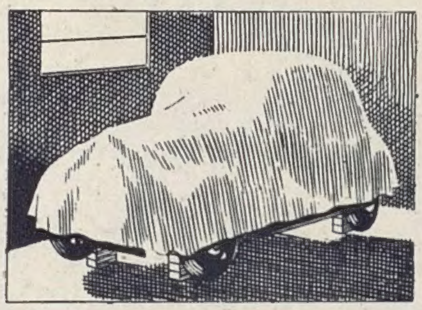
4 Drain oil from sump, refill with fresh oil and run engine for one minute (not longer without water). Then drain all petrol from tank and carburettor.

5 Remove sparking plugs, inject a little oil into cylinders, replace plugs and turn engine by hand. Repeat every three months.

6 Remove batteries, drain acid, wash out with clean water, refill with distilled water and store.

7 Remove flints, etc., from cuts in tyres, inflate to road pressure and support axles on blocks or bricks so that wheels clear the ground.

8 Immobilize car as officially instructed, cover all plated parts with vaseline; all tools and unpainted surfaces with oil, grease or vaseline, touch up any paint where grazed off, close all windows and cover with dust sheet.



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